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RAIDERS

of the
LOST ARK™



**THE OFFICIAL
COMICS ADAPTATION
OF THE NEW
HIT FILM FROM
STEVEN SPIELBERG
& GEORGE LUCAS**

Distributed
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**FANTASTIC ADVENTURE FROM
THE MAKERS OF "JAWS,"
"CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND,"
"STAR WARS," & "EMPIRE STRIKES BACK"**



STAN LEE PRESENTS
A MARVEL SUPER SPECIAL MAGAZINE

THE OFFICIAL COMICS ADAPTATION OF

RAIDERS

of the
LOST ARK™

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RAIDERS

of the
LOST ARK.

PERU, 1936—A GROUP OF MEN MOVES CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH THE DENSE, SOUTH AMERICAN RAINFOREST.

FIVE OF THEM ARE GUATEMALA INDIANS ACTING AS PORTERS, TWO ARE SPANISH PEASANTS WHO SPEAK GUATEMALA. THE ONE WITH THE ROPES IS THE LEADER.

THEY TRAVEL ACROSS A PERILOUS REGION OF MOUNTAINS KNOWN AS "THE EMBOSCO OF THE JUNGLE," IN SEARCH OF TREASURE BEYOND PRICE.

THEY HAVE COME TOO FAR TO TURN BACK.



THEY FOLLOW THIS MAN-- DENZEL JONES, AN AMERICAN ADVENTURER, A TREASURE HUNTER, HUNTER, A SCHOLAR, AND MUCH MORE.

ONLY ONE MAN
WILL HAVE BROUGHT
THEM THIS FAR...

...BUT EVEN
ITS POWER
HAS LIMITS.

WHAT IS IT,
BARRACAT?

THE INDIANS,
SAYING, BLAST THEM
THEY'RE TALKING
ABOUT THE ~~SECRET~~
AGAIN!

THE SILENT,
YOU FEELS?

BUT THE FEARFUL BATTLE OF THE QUEENMA SUDDEENLY INCREASES AS...

WE'VE
FOUND
IT!

THE
TEMPLE
ON THE
CHACHICOYAN
MOUNTAINS!

NOW WE'LL
PUT THIS SO-
CALLED CURSE TO
A REAL TEST.

...WHICH IS EXACTLY
WHAT THE INDIANS
ARE AFRAID OF

THREE OF THEM SUDDENLY DECIDE TO LEAVE AND
GO IN THE HAUNTED LANDS; THEIR SHOUTS OF
FEAR ARE QUICKLY SWALLOWED UP BY THE
ENVELOPING JUNGLE.

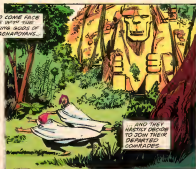
HOLD
IT



BUT THE TWO REMAINING GUERRILLAS DRAW THEIR OWN CONCLUSIONS FROM THE TINY DART...



...AND THE ANGRY EYES OF SHIRAZ TO REPLY AND SURE THEM.



THEY ARE NOT MISSED.

SO THIS
IS WHERE
FORRESTAL
CAME IN
HIS CHIPS.

A
FRIEND
OF
YOURS?

COMPETITOR
HE WAS GOOD
VERY GOOD.

NO ONE HAS EVER
COME OUT OF THERE
ALIVE. WHY SHOULD
WE PUT OUR FAITH
IN YOU?

NO ONE EVER
HAD WHAT WE HAVE.
DID THEY NOW,
PARTNER?

AS WE AGREED
HERE IS THE OTHER
HALF OF THE MAP.

YOU CAN
READ THE
FLOORPLAN?

I SURE HOPE
SO. ASSUMING
THAT PILLAR
THERE MARKS
THE CORNER
AND...

FUNNY
SANTO LOOKS
LIKE HE'S JUST
SEEN A SNAKE.

MAYBE
HE HAS.

THE WHIP IS A BLUR OF MOTION BEFORE BARRANCA CAN CLEAR HIS THOUGHTS!



"FIG! I SWEAR YOU'LL NOT LIVE TO SEE THE TREASURE!"

AS BARRANCA RECOGNIZES HIS FURIOUS EFFORTS TO FREE HIS PISTOL FROM THE WHIP'S COILS,

JUDY SWEEPS THE WHIP IN AN ARCHING ARC, AND SUDDENLY...



BARRANCA REALIZES HIS TREASURE IS WORTH THE WRATH HE DROPS ON THE FACE OF THE MAN WHO HAS JUST DESIGNED HIM

"I... I KNEW NOTHING. HE WAS CRAZY. PLEASE! WE ARE PARTNERS!"



"OKAY, PARTNER!"

"LET'S GO."



"KEEP THAT TORCH UP, SATIRO"

"AND KICK THE TARANTULAS"

"WUP"

THE AIR IS STALE AS THE TWO MEN ENTER THE ANCIENT CAVE. THE TORCH SLEETLY REDUCES THE ALIQUANT DARKNESS.



ONLY THE MUFFLED SOUND OF FOOTFALLS DISTURBS THE SILENCE.

AS THEY BEGIN TO ASSESS ATTRACTS
LOADED IN THE WALLS OF THE TEMPLE,
INDY CALLS THEM EXERTED, SELECTING
SOME, REJECTING OTHERS.



WHAT?

WHAT'S WRONG?
ARE YOU
LOST?









HIS MOVEMENTS GRACEFUL AND WITHOUT WASTE, NED GLIDES ACROSS THE SANCTUARY, ALWAYS SHOWING THE DARK TILES...



BUT INSTEAD OF REACHING THE IDOL, NED TAKES A SMALL CANVAS BAG FROM HIS JACKET AND BEGINS TO FILL IT WITH DIRT



IN THE BLOOM OF AN EYE, THE IDOL RESTS IN NED'S HAND, THE BAG OF DIRT ON THE POLISHED STONE BEFORE HIM.

FOR A LONG
MOMENT, ALL
IS SILENCE.

... A SILENCE BROKEN
BY A RUMBLE! THAT
SHAKES THE ENTIRE
TEMPLE TO ITS FOUN-
DATIONS AS THE MED-
USTAL BENEATH THE
DIRT-FILLED BAG
BROKES FIVE INCHES!

NO
GUESS.

ALMOST WITHOUT THOUGHT, INDY IS ACROSS
THE ROOM, STILL AVOIDING THE DEADLY GARN TILES

GET
OUT
OF HERE,
SATIPO!

BUT THE PERUVIAN NEEDS NO SUCH URGING

HE HAS ALREADY FLED BY THE TIME INDY HURLS HIMSELF
OUT OF THE SANCTUARY, JUST AS THE CEILING OF THE ROOM
BEGINS TO COLLAPSE

ALICE!

... AND THE
AIR BEHIND HIM
IS FILLED WITH
DEADLY DARTS.

SATIPO, HOWEVER IS NOT FAR AHEAD...

...JUST FAR
ENOUGH.

UH-OH

NO TIME
TO ARGUE!
THROW ME
THE KODAK!
I THROW
YOU THE
MOMENT!

YOU HAVE
NO CHOICE!
HURRY!





YAAARRGGH!



LOOKS LIKE THE GOOD GUYS WIN AFTER ALL, EH, SATIPO?



BOOMBLAMBOOM!

AND HERE COMES THE NEXT ONE! SOUNDS LIKE THE SHAKING OF THE TEMPLE RELEASED SOMETHING... SOMETHING BIG!





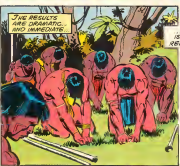
ENOUGH! THE HOWITOS WILL LEAVE YOU FOR THE SNAKES INSTEAD OF GRANTING YOU A CLEAN DEATH, IF I WISH IT.

YOU SEE I KNOW EVEN YOUR SECRET FEAR.

TOO BAD YOUR FRIENDS DON'T KNOW YOU LIKE I DO.

YES, TOO BAD YOU COULD WARN THEM... IF ONLY YOU SPOKE HOWITO'S.

WITH THAT BELLOG TURNS TO THE INDIANS, RAISES THE IDOL BEFORE THEIR ASTONISHED EYES, AND SPEAKS IN THEIR TONGUE.



THE RESULTS ARE DEGRADATE... AND IMMEDIATE.

AS IS INDY'S REACTION!



LIKE THEY SAY, BELLOG, HE WHO TURNS AND RUNS WINN...



GETS SHOT IN THE BACK?

WELL, HMM?

THE POISON OF THE HOWITOS' DARTS IS FIERCE AND DEADLY, THE WARRIORS' MARKSMEN OF RENOWN.

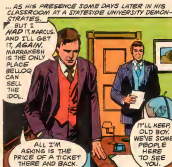


WHATT!
WHATT!
WHATT!

... BUT THEY HAVE NO MORE SUCCESS BRINGING HIM DOWN THAN DID THE SNAKES OF THE CHACHA-POTAN TEMPLE.



THE MAN IS A SURVIVOR.



... AS HIS PRESENCE SOME DAYS LATER IN HIS CLASSROOM AT A STATE-SIDE UNIVERSITY DEMONSTRATES.

BUT I HAD T. MARCUS AND I'LL GET IT, AGAIN. MARRAKESH IS THE ONLY PLACE BELLOQ CAN SELL THE IDOL.

ALL I'M ASKING IS THE PRICE OF A TICKET THERE AND BACK.

I'LL KEEP, OLD BOY, WE'VE SOME PEOPLE HERE TO SEE YOU.



ARMY INTELLIGENCE, AND INDY. I THINK IT'S BIG. REALLY BIG.



WELL, IF IT'S THE DRAFT BOARD, I'VE ALREADY SERVED.

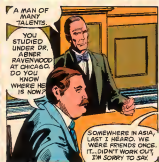


GOOD AFTERNOON, DR. JONES, I'M COLONEL MURPHY. THIS IS MAJOR EATON.

WE WON'T WASTE WORDS, SIR. WE'VE EXAMINED YOUR BACKGROUND. IMPRESSIVE. DOCTOR OF ARCHAEOLOGY, EXPERT ON THE OCCULT, AND... HOW DOES ONE SAY...

AN OBTAINER OF RARE ANTIQUITIES?

THAT'S ONE WAY TO SAY IT.



A MAN OF MANY TALENTS.

YOU STUDIED UNDER DR. ABNER RAVENWOOD AT CHICAGO. DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS NOW?

SOMEWHERE IN ASIA, LAST I HEARD. WE WERE FRIENDS ONCE. IT... DIDN'T WORK OUT. I'M SORRY TO SAY.



I SEE.

YOU UNDERSTAND, DR. JONES, THIS IS ALL STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

NATURALLY.

WE NEED YOUR HELP.



FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE NAZIS HAVE BEEN SENDING ARCHAEOLOGICAL TEAMS AROUND THE WORLD.

SEARCHING OUT ALL KINDS OF RELIGIOUS ARTIFACTS, AND HITLER IS RESPONSIBLE!

HE'S OBSESSED WITH THE OCCULT!



YESTERDAY, WE INTERCEPTED A GERMAN COMMUNIQUE TO BERLIN. APPARENTLY FROM AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL DIG NEAR CAIRO.

WE KNOW IT'S IMPORTANT.

WE DON'T KNOW WHY.

WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT.

IT SAYS, SIMPLY, "TANS DEVELOPMENT PROCEEDING. ACQUIRE HEADPIECE STAFF OF RA, ABNER RAVENWOOD, U.S.A."



SOME DAYS LATER, IN THE "RAVEN" SALOON IN BUTAN, NEPAL, A DRINKING CONTEST NEARS ITS END UNDER THE EYES OF AS TOUGH A COLLECTION OF ROUGHIES AS CAN BE FOUND IN THE HIMALAYAS.



THAT'S FOURTEEN TO FOURTEEN, RED. CAN YOU TOP ME?

THE BETTING IS FIERCE, THE COUNTER COVERED WITH MONEY, AS THE AUSTRALIAN DOWN HIS FIFTIETH SHOT...



WATCH THIS.

...BUT HIS BACKERS ARE OUT OF LUCK.



THUD!

NO STAMMA, EH, RED?



AND AS THE JOINT ROCKS WITH THE CHIEFS OF THE WAYHAYS, RUSSIAN SAKHREED, THE SALOON'S SOLE PROPRIETOR.



...ROSSIE'S DOWN HER FIFTIETH SHOT AS THOUGH IT WERE HER FIRST!

ALL RIGHT, YOU NO-GOOD BUMS, GET OUT OF HERE, I'M SICK OF LOOKING AT YOUR MELY MUGS!

WE'RE CLOSED!



THE LAUGHTER AND CHIEFS FROM DUNDALLY UNTIL...

HEY! YOU DEAD?

I SAID OUT!



AND I FEAN NOW!

NOT NEXT BASTER!

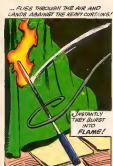












AS TABLES AND CHAIRS ARE HASTILY UPENDED FOR COVER, THE GIRL, SET AFIRE BY THE CURTAIN, BEGINS TO DROP BURNING FRAGMENTS INTO THE ROOM'S SPIN.



BLAM! BLAM!



MEANWHILE, TONT WORKS HIS WAY AROUND THE BAR TO OUTFLANK MARION AS HE FEEDS OVER THE EDGE THROUGH THE FLAMES, HE SAYS...



THERE IS A SEARING SOUND AS TONT PALMS THE MACHULLON!







CAIRO... A CITY OF ANCIENT MYSTERIES... AND A BIDDING AREA FOR THE RAZI! ARCHEOLOGICAL TEAMS THAT ARE UNCOVERING THE LOST CITY OF TANE, SEARCHING FOR ITS GREATEST TREASURE... THE ARK OF THE COVENANT!



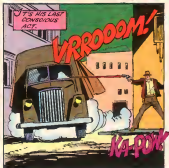




CORRECTION!
THREE
TO ONE!



IT'S HIS LAST
CONSCIOUS
ACT.



WHAT THEY CANNOT KNOW IS THAT THE TRUCK IS CARRYING
AMONG OTHER THINGS, GERMAN MUNITIONS, FIREARMS,
AND DYNAMITE!

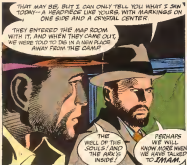


A MOMENT LATER,
AND IT DOESN'T
HAVE ANY SEQUELS.



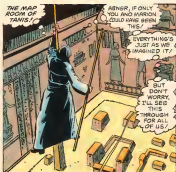
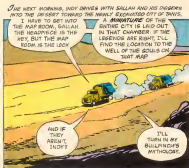
... AND THE BOY WHO RIDES QUIETLY BEHIND SALLAN LATER
THAT NIGHT IS OLDER AND GRIMMER THAN THE ONE WHO
STROLED THROUGH THE MARKETPLACE THAT MORNING.





SHORTLY, IN THE HOUSE OF IMAN-- SCHOLAR, ASTRONOMER, PRIEST...







THAT BUILDING'S BEEN MARKED. THE RESULTS OF BELLOG'S CALCULATIONS, NO DOUBT.

AND HE'S LEFT HIS TAP MEASURE BEHIND HOW THOUGHTFUL OF HIM.

WHEN, THIS TILE BASELINE DIVIDES THE SOLAR YEAR INTO A CALENDAR.

...AND IF THE STAFF OF RA IS LOCKED INTO THE CORRECT TILE ACCORDING TO THE TIME OF YEAR...

THE LOCATION OF THE WELL OF THE GODS WILL BE REVEALED BY THE SUNLIGHT FALLING ON THE MODEL.

SO THEY SAY.



ALL SET, I'D BETTER ATTACH THE HEADPIECE TO THE STAFF SALLAH AND I MADE LAST NIGHT ACCORDING TO THE DISC'S INSTRUCTIONS.

AND MAYBE A LITTLE PRAYER WOULDN'T HURT EITHER RIGHT NOW.



MEANWHILE, JUST AS SALLAH FINISHES COILING HIS ROPE.

HEY, YOU! SKINNY ONE!

HUH--!

BRING THAT ROPE OVER HERE, YOU'LL BE MY TRUCK'S STUCK IN THE SAND.



LET'S MAKE SURE I'VE READ THE BASELINE CORRECTLY.

WITH THAT, I'D SHARPEN HIS STAFF INTO A SPEERING TIE...

... AND OFFERS A WORD OR TWO TO ANY DEITY WHO MIGHT BE LISTENING.



ABOVE...

MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL. MY MEN ARE HUNGRY.

JUST THEM FOOD.

UAAH

NOW WHAT?

... AS THE SUNLIGHT BEGINS TO CRAWL ACROSS THE FACE OF THE HEADPIECE TOWARD THE CRYSTAL CENTER.







"MAYDAY!" I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!

I THOUGHT MAYBE I WAS! THEY WERE THROWING ME AROUND LIKE A BAG OF COIL!

THEY MUST HAVE SWITCHED BASKETS ON ME AROUND ONE OF THOSE CORNERS!



AREN'T YOU EVER AT A LOSS FOR WORDS?



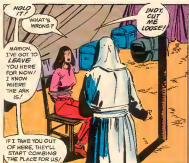
HAVE THEY HURT YOU?"

NO--NOT HURT. THEY JUST ASKED ABOUT YOU. WHAT YOU KNEW.

OH, INDY, GET ME OUT OF HERE! AWAY FROM HIM! HE'S EVIL!

WHO?

THE FRENCHMAN, BELLOQ!



HOLD IT!

WHAT'S WRONG?

MAYDAY, I'VE GOT TO LEAVE YOU HERE FOR NOW! I KNOW WHERE THE AIR IS!

IF I TAKE YOU OUT OF HERE, THEY'LL START COMING THE PLACE FOR US!

DON'T CUT ME LOOSE!



I SAID GET ME OUT OF--



--MAMPH!

LOOK, YOU DON'T DON'T KNOW HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU. AND I DON'T LIKE THIS...



...BUT THE WHOLE THING WILL BE SHOT IF YOU DON'T STAY HERE!

THEY HAVEN'T TOUCHED YOU IN THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

THEY AREN'T GOING TO START NOW!

I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU IN NO TIME!

...AND AFTER A KISS TO AN ANGRY, RED FOREHEAD, INDY DEPARTS...

... INTO THE DESERT TO REJOIN SALLAH AND HIS DIBBERS WITHOUT INCIDENT IN THE DUNES BEYOND THE CAMP.

ARE YOU SURE?

POSITIVE, SALLAH. EVEN BELLOG WOULD HAVE GOTTEN IT RIGHT IF HE'D HAD ALL THE INFORMATION.

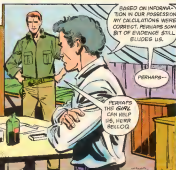
WE'LL SIGHT FROM THAT RIDGE.

GOOD! IT'S WELL AWAY FROM THE CAMP.

TELL YOUR MEN TO BRING UP THE EQUIPMENT. I'VE SPOT THE DIGGING SITE SPOTTER.



MEANWHILE, THE GERMAN COMMANDER, DISTICH, AND HIS ADJUTANT, GÖRNER, ARE INVOLVED IN A SHARP DISCUSSION WITH BELLOG ABOUT THE VERY OBJECT OF THEIR SEARCH.



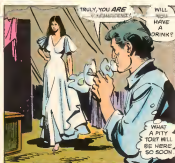


MEANWHILE, GLOOMY SCENES OF THE CONVERSATION IN THE BLACK'S TOWN.

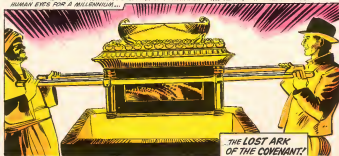








THE VERY ATMOSPHERE SEEMS CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY AS THE TWO MEN SLIDE LONG WOODEN POLES THROUGH GOLD CARRYING-RINGS AND SLOWLY LIFT FROM INSIDE THE ALAR, A TREASURE UNSEEN BY HUMAN EYES FOR A MILLENNIUM...



IT IS BUT THE WORK OF A MOMENT
TO PLACE THE ARK GENTLY WITHIN
THE WOODEN CRATE.



WASTE NO
TIME, INDY.
THE FIRE'S
ALMOST
OUT!



BUT AS INDY SAYS
THE ROPES A SHARP
TUG...



WHY, DR. JONES, WHATEVER ARE YOU
DOING IN SUCH A NASTY PLACE?





AND BEFORE
INDY'S HORRIFIED
EYES, MARION
PLUNGES INTO
THE WELL OF
SCALES!

NOOOOOOO!

THE TORCHES
AND THE OIL
ARE NEARLY
BURNED OUT

AND IT'S
A THIRTY-
FOOT DEEP!



BRACING HIMSELF FOR THE SHOCK, INDY GRITS HIS TEETH AND...



... DIDN'T QUITE TUMBLE BACK INTO THE WRITHING MASS OF SNAKES...

THAT ABOVE, INDY'S PROFESSIONAL RIVAL, DR. BLISS, WATCHES THE SCENE FRETFULLY.



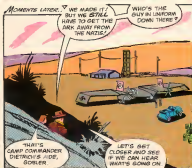
THERE IS A RICKSHAW OF ART AS DISPERSED NAZI SOLDIERS SLAM THE HEAVY STONE INTO PLACE...

... AND THE WELL OF THE SOULS IS REKED ONCE MORE FOR ETERNITY!



INDY WEDGES HIMSELF BETWEEN THE STATUE AND THE WALL, AND BEGINS TO PUSH WITH ALL HIS MIGHT!

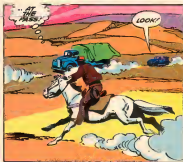
... AND THEN, EVER SO SLOWLY, AMID A SHOWER OF DUST AND PREHISTORIC STONE ...













A LITTLE FRESH AIR WILL DO WON-
DERS FOR YOU!

WELL, I'VE GOT
THE JUNK AGAIN!
BUT CAN I KEEP
IT?



I'LL HAVE TO
SAVE THESE TWO
CARS, SOMEBODY!

BUT
WE'RE CLIMBING INTO
THE HILLS, MAYBE...



LOOK OUT!
THE TRUCK'S
SPEEDING
UP!

FASTER,
CORPORAL!
HE'S TRYING
TO PUSH US
OFF THE
ROAD!



STAY IN FRONT
OF HIM?

MAYBE
TOMMY CAN
PULL ALONG
SIDE THE
TRUCK AND
GET HIM!



ARE YOU, YOU FOOL? IF ANYTHING
HAPPENS TO THAT ARMY, WE'RE
ALL DEAD MEN!

THE
PLUNGER
WILL
GET
TO IT!



I'M
TRYING,
DAD, BUT
THE DUST!
(KOFF! KOFF!)
IT'S HARD
TO SEE
WHERE---

5. WALK THE DUST
AROUND THE STUFF OUR
CLOVES COME TO IT...



WHEE!

BUT ONLY BECAUSE IT IS NO
LONGER FOLLOWING THE ROAD!



WITHOUT HITTING A JUDGE, LINDY REMAINS IN THE GARAGE...



... AND STAYS ON THE GROUND!



QUICKLY LOWER THE DRAPE!

THE FRUIT!

THE TABLE!

SHED THE TIRE TRACKS FIRST!

... AND BRIDGES LATER, JUST A SMALL STREET SIDE IT, DRIVES A GERMAN STAFF CAR...



... ITS OCCUPANTS DESPERATELY SEARCHING FOR ANY SIGN OF A LARGE TROOP!



INCROYABLE WE HAVE LOST HIM!

... AND THE ARK!

FOR NOW, PLEASE, BUT IT'S A LONG WAY TO ENGLAND!

OUR TURN MAY COME AGAIN!

LAST NIGHT AT THE WATERFRONT



OH, MY FRIENDS, WE HAVE HAD SUCH A GOOD TIME, I AM ALMOST SORRY TO SEE YOU LEAVE.

BUT WE SHALL HAVE ONE LAST LAUGH ON THE GERMANS

CAPTAIN RADDER IS AN OLD PIRATE AND AN EVEN OLDER FRIEND...



"HIS SHIP THE 'BANTU' HAND' WILL CARRY YOU WHERE YOU WISH TO GO."





YOU AND THE GIRL
MIGHT *DISAPPEAR*.
WE HAVE A PLACE
IN THE HOLD.



TAKE THE ARK
ABOARD THE
HURRICANER.

AND BE VERY
CAREFUL.

AS FOR THE GIRL, ~~SAVING~~
HER FATE IS *OURS* TO DECIDE.
WE WILL TAKE WHAT WE WISH.

AND THEN DECIDE
WHETHER TO BLOW
YOUR SHIP FROM
THE WATER.



THE
GIRL,
COLONEL
DETROIT,
GOES WITH
ME.



*BUT THE D-BOAT STILL HAS ONE MORE
PASSENGER TO PICK UP.*



PERISCOPE'S MY ONLY CHANCE!

...BUT IF
THEY KEEP DYING,
I'LL HAVE A LONG
SWIM HOME!

SHE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE GOING ANY DEEPER...

BUT I CAN'T HOLD ON FOR LONG AT THIS SPEED.

BUT I
CAN'T HOLD
ON FOR
LONG AT
THIS SPEED.

GOTTA USE MY WHIP.

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LASH MYSELF TO THE 'SCOPE' AND KEEP MY HEAD ABOVE WATER.

ALL I HAVE
TO DO IS LASH
MYSELF TO THE
SCOPE AND KEEP
MY HEAD ABOVE
WATER.

THAT ISN'T
GOING TO BE
AS BAD AS I
FEARED

IT'S HORRIBLE.

THE WHIP'S CUTTING ME TO RIBBONS!

WAS THAT A SHARK FIN?

THE HAMP'S CUTTING
ARE TO BE SHOWN

1997



AND IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'VE FINALLY ARRIVED

THE SURF'S GOING DOWN...

MUST BE AN UNDER-WATER CHANNEL FOR THE SUBMARINE TO GET SO CLOSE TO SHORE.



GOTTA GET THE VIEW UN- TIED FAST!

MY FINGERS ARE SO NUMB!



THAT DID IT!

BUT THE SUB'S TURNING TOWARD SHORE.

ARE THEY GOING TO SINK HERE?

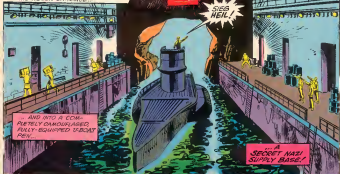


HOY!

IT'S A CONCEALED ENTRANCE... BUT WHERE DOES IT LEAD TO?



AS BOB WATCHES IN AMAZE- MENT, THE MURDERER SLIDES SMOOTHLY THROUGH THE HIDDEN ENTRANCE...



... AND INTO A COM- PLETELY CAMOUFLAGED, FULLY-EQUIPPED U-BOAT PEN...

... A SECRET NAZI SUPPLY BASE!

AS THE CART CARRYING THE ARK IS OFF-LOADED, WE RUSHED AHEAD. THE ALTAR IS BEING PREPARED IN ACCORDANCE WITH YOUR INSTRUCTIONS.

EXCELLENT, COLONEL DISTRICT.

HAVE THE ARK BROUGHT UP WHEN THE ALTAR IS READY.

AND THE GIRL?

LOOKS AS THOUGH SHE'S JUST IN TIME.

I SAID IF SHE WANTED TO MARRY ME, YOU COULD DO WITH HER WHAT YOU WISH.

SHE IS JEANNE.

VERY WELL.

NOW I MUST PREPARE MYSELF.

I AM UNCOMFORTABLE WITH THE THOUGHT OF THIS... JEWISH RITUAL. ARE YOU SURE IT'S NECESSARY?

LET ME ASK YOU THIS, COLONEL.

WOULD YOU RATHER OPEN THE ARK IN BERLIN—FOR THE FURER—AND LEARN ONLY THEN, IF THE SACRED PIECES OF THE COVENANT ARE INSIDE?

DISTRICT SEEMS AND SAYS NOTHING.

FIVE MINUTES LATER, BELLOQ ENTERS FROM THE TENT.

...TRANSFORMED.

NOW, COLONEL DISTRICT HAVE THE ARK PLACED UPON THE ALTAR.

ALL... IS READY.

THE SUN IS SETTING, BUT THE FERT LIGHT IN BELLOQ'S EYES SURROUNDS HIM WITH RADIANCE.

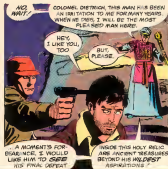
...AND IN THE SILENCE OF THE DARK, THE ARK SEEMS TO ARISE WITH SUPPRESSED ENERGY AS IT IS BROUGHT FORWARD.

ACTIVITY IN THE CAMP CHAOS, AS THE SOLDIERS ARE DRAWN IRRESISTIBLY TOWARD THE ARK TO WITNESS THE STRANGE RITUAL UNFOLDING BEFORE THEM.



UNEASY THOUGHTS OF "JUDEN" PASS AMONG THE GERMANS, BUT EVEN AS THE HUNT SURROUNDING THE ARK SEEMS TO GROW LOUDER...







FOR THIS IS THE TRUE
ARK OF THE COVENANT...

... THE HOLY
VESSEL CONTAINING
THE STONE FRAG-
MENTS OF THE TEN
COMMANDMENTS
GIVEN UNTO MOSES!

IT IS
GOD'S REPLY
TO EVIL MEN!

OFLOO TAKES THE
FULL BRUNT OF THE
UNLEASHED FURY!

HIS EYES
BURN WITH
REVELATION...

... AS THOUGH HE HAD
EXPERIENCED SOME KIND
OF TRANSCENDENTAL
KNOWLEDGE!

THE ISLAND SHAKES BENEATH
THE GROINGING HOLocaust...

IT IS THE LAST
THING HE WILL
EVER KNOW!

... AND ALL WHO HAVE SEEN THE
ARK AND ITS REVELATIONS!

... AND RETURN TO THE EARTH AT LAST!

... PAY THE FULL PRICE
FOR THE KNOWLEDGE
THEY HAVE GAINED...

SUDDENLY,
IT IS OVER...

THE ENTIRE ISLAND IS SCORCHED AND BLASTED OUT FOR THE GROUND
ABOUT THE LOVERS...



...AND
THEY
ARE
FREE.

BEFORE THEM,
ON THE ALTAR,
RESTS THE
ARK OF THE
COVENANT.

... BUT THE
REMAINS OF ADAM
HAST IS GONE.
AND IT SHINES
MORE BEAUTIFUL
THAN EVER.

OH, IT
SHINES!



SOMETIME LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF COLONEL MURKINSON
OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT IN WASHINGTON, D.C....



YOU'VE DONE
YOUR COUNTRY A
GREAT SERVICE,
DR. JONES...

... AND WE TRUST
YOU FOUND THE
SETTLEMENT
SATISFACTORY?

QUITE, BUT I'D
STILL LIKE TO KNOW
WHEN THE ARK WILL
BE TRANSFERRED
TO THE MUSEUM.

I THOUGHT WE'D
ANSWERED THAT.



IT'S SOMEPLACE
QUITE SAFE—

OH, IT WILL BE, DR.
JONES, I ASSURE YOU.
WE HAVE TOP MEN WORK-
ING ON IT RIGHT NOW.

THAT'S A
POWERFUL
FORCE? RESEARCH
SHOULD BE
DONE—!

WHO?

TOP MEN,
BUT IF WE
NEED HELP, WE'LL
BE SURE TO CALL.



ELSEWHERE, A NEWLY SEALED CRATE...



RAIDERS

of the
LOST ARK™

CAST

Indy	HARRISON FORD
Marion	KAREN ALLEN
Oletrich	WOLF KAHLER
Belloq	PAUL FREEMAN
Toht	RONALD LACEY
Sallah	JOHN RHYS-DAVIES
Brody	CENHOLM ELLIOTT
Gobler	ANTHONY HIGGINS
Satipo	ALFREDO MOLINA
Barranca	VIC TABLIAN
Col. Musgrove	DOON FELLOWS
Major Eaton	WILLIAM HOOTKINS
Bureaucrat	BILL REIMBOLO
Jock	FRED SORENSON
Australian Climber	PATRICK OURKIN
2nd Nazi	MATTHEW SCURFIELD
Ratty Nepalese	MALCOM WEAVER
Mean Mongolian	SONNY CALONEZ
Mohan	ANTHONY CHINN
Giant Sherpa	PAT ROACH
Otto	CHRISTOPHER FREDERICK
Imam	TUTTE LEMKOW
Omar	ISHAQ BUX
Abu	KIRAN SHAH
Fayah	SQUAD MESSADUCKI
Monkey Man	VIC TABLIAN
Arab Swordsman	TERRY RICHARDS
1st Mechanic	PAT ROACH
German Agent	STEVE HANSON
Pilot	FRANK MARSHALL
Young Soldier	MARTIN KREIOT
Katanga	GEORGE HARRIS
Messenger Pirate	EGGIE TAGOE
Sergeant	JOHN REES
Tell Captain	TONY VOGEL
Peruvian Porter	TEO GROSSMAN

PRODUCTION STAFF

Directed by STEVEN SPIELBERG
 Produced by FRANK MARSHALL
 Screenplay by LAWRENCE KASDAN
 Story by GEORGE LUCAS and PHILIP KAUFMAN
 Executive Producers GEORGE LUCAS, HOWARD KAZANJIAN
 Music JOHN WILLIAMS
 Editor MICHAEL KAHN, A.C.E.
 Associate Producer ROBERT WATTS
 Director of Photography DOUGLAS SLOCUMBE
 Production Design NORMAN REYNOLDS

